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AN IRISH "CRANK"—OF UNSOUND MIND; BUT HARMLESS.

P U C K .

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF..... JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER..... A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR..... H. C. BUNNER

FICTION.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION CONTAINING ONLY STORIES.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WITH a meanness peculiar to itself, this summer has reserved its full allowance of heat for the very end; and is letting it out on us just when we least expected it. The people who had hoped to stay in the city all summer are rushing wildly out to every watering-place where there is a vacant hole or corner, and exchanging their large, airy city rooms for sweltering dens in the seventh story of the Parabellevedise Hotel, Cattawampus Cross-roads, Catskills, or some similar hotelry. On crowded piazzas, among yelping children, chattering hotel-gossips and musical mosquitoes, they taste rural felicity, and court the spirit of health. It is pleasant to note, by the way, that the spirit of health is propitiated by eating a bad dinner in the middle of the day and going to bed on an alleged supper, consisting of two slices of ham and a plate of berries.

* * * Extremes meet—an observation from which much use has not yet taken the edge. Perhaps there is not so much difference between Mrs. Van Highfire in the Catskills and Mrs. Mulcahy in Baxter Street. Mrs. Van Highfire sits on the piazza of the summer hotel and flirts a fan painted in Paris, and gives a fleeting thought of condescending pity to "those poor creatures in those horrid New York tenements, you know." Mrs. Van Highfire is paying four or five dollars a day for her board, and she is proud of it, too; but what is she getting for her money? Her rooms are small and ill-ventilated, the fare is bad; her children are sick and she is nervous and feeble, both from the same cause—want of rest and quiet and genuine country air. There is noise all about her, clatter of tongues, people coming and going, unhealthy excitement of all sorts. Down in that reeking Crosby Street tenement, Giuseppe Giacomo, the organ-grinder, lies down to sleep more comfortably amid stench and filth than Mrs. Van Highfire in her six-by-ten whitewashed hotel-den, with a child screaming in the room on one side and a man snoring in the room on the other, to make pleasant such slumber as may come to her upon her corn-shuck mattress.

* * * Is it any wonder, that in this weather, Our Artist, who is much too sensible to go into any crowded caravansary in the country, should fall asleep in the big hammock that swings invitingly in his breezy studio? Wonder or no wonder, that is what Our Artist did the other day, and woke from a pleasant slumber to find his work done for him. Some of the good fairies who delight to serve PUCK had put it into the head of his involuntary collaborators, those excellent gentlemen whose features, physical and spiritual, seem made for the benefit of the genius of caricature—some clever sprite

had put it into their heads to make these gentlemen appear in his dream, to enter an active protest against his lively pencil, by drawing themselves as they thought he ought to see them. First, of course—and we hasten to speak of him, because each moment brings him nearer and nearer to oblivion, and whatever is to be said of him must be said before people quite forget him—first, of course, comes the modest and retiring wild-flower of Utica—Mr. Roscoe Conkling. He was much too delicate and retiring to express in words his objections to various little pictorial favors which Our Artist has done him; he only sought an empty canvas and sketched in vivid colors an imposing Jupiter Tonans. Then he stood off and gazed complacently at his handiwork, and left Our Artist to trace a distant, far-away resemblance between the features of the Jupiter and those of the Great Resigned. Then he silently slipped away, while from out his pocket came a pitiful, pleading, disappointed voice: "Me Too!" Perhaps "Me Too," whoever he may have been, wished to draw his own portrait, as well as Mr. Conkling. Then Mr. John Kelly arrived, and sketched a dignified and placid gentleman, who looked quite the model of what Mr. Kelly might have been, had circumstances made him a statesman—a real, genuine statesman, one of the kind that gets bronze monuments and the immortality conferred by selections in school-boys' "speakers." Then Mr. Benjamin F. Butler drew a nineteenth century Narcissus, and left Our Artist to infer that a cock-eye, even when combined with a moral obliquity of vision, was not a legitimate subject for artistic treatment; while Mr. Talmage pictured

A Sunday-school class young man—
A diminutive mouthed young man—
A bean-eating Yankeeful,
Moody and Sankeyful
Oil-on-the-hair young man,

who resembled the pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle much as the photograph of a jumping-jack might resemble that acrobatic toy in full action. Then came a man with a military air, whom everybody treated with great respect, until he began to draw upon a twice-used canvas a picture of "U. S. Grant, Imperator." Our Artist sighed in his dream, and felt relieved when his attention was distracted by two gentlemen of the editorial profession, who delineated themselves as two works of art—the one classic, the other mediæval. Likewise he smiled in his slumber at a certain plump but not pleasing 'parson, who evidently desired to be represented as a sort of modern St. Anthony. And a broad and happy smile, of a different sort, passed over his sleeping features as good old Peter Cooper, the beneficent patron saint of New York, whom we love for all his green-back craze and his various oddities—when Peter Cooper came up to an empty easel and drew his own portrait as young in years as he is in heart. The smile deepened into a laugh, and Our Artist woke up. And as his eyes opened, he saw, or thought he saw, a small and aged person perched upon his feet, as they hung half out of the hammock, rapidly putting the finishing touches to a heroic and heavy-weight edition of Samuel J. Tilden. But when his eyes were fully opened, there was no one in the room; the canvases were blank as he had left them, and only upon his mental retina was imprinted the scene he has drawn for you on our centre-pages.

* * * O'Donovan Rossa has for some years been flattering himself that he has been waging war—all on his own side—with Great Britain. In the endeavor to induce others to join in the flattery lies his principal aim in life, and the most advantageous way in which they can do so is by means of the monetary contributions the "patriot" is constantly appealing for. At one time this distinguished gentleman, who tries

to pose as a hero before an audience of kitchen maids and hod-carriers, used to obtain a living by selling steerage tickets for some of the transatlantic lines. But the managers soon found he was not a desirable agent, and Mr. Rossa was given more time to attend to the publication of his newspaper, the *Irish* something or other. This, according to some extracts we have seen reprinted, is a very terrible affair. Indeed, to fully carry out its tone, it ought to be printed in blood, upon the skins of Englishmen flogged while alive, and from types cast from bullets which had ended Saxons' existences. It is redolent of dynamite, nitro-glycerine, infernal machines, and death-dealing generally. We have no doubt that Mr. Rossa is a very mild, middle-aged gentleman, who personally would rather run a mile than endure the close vicinity of any of the explosives on whose merits he is so fond of dilating. Certainly nothing in his past career shows him worthy to rank with even his misguided predecessors, who ingloriously ended their mighty rebellion with the "battle in the cabbage-garden." But, as *Sam'l of Posen* remarks, "buzness is buzness," and the *Irish* something has to be kept up, and subscriptions to funds for destroying England must be induced to flow in. So whenever an accident happens to an English ship, Mr. O'Donovan Rossa nods his head, attempts to look wise, and hints that he could have foretold the exact moment when the dreadful event was going to occur. This is very impressive, but more has to be done—England can build more ships. O'Donovan Rossa's war must be carried to the heart of the country. To this end some terrible explosive machines, which are so secured that they cannot possibly explode, are purchased here and sent to England. Then a mysterious individual informs Her Majesty's government that some of these will be found in a certain ship or under the wall of some public building. The terrible engines of destruction are duly found, the facts cabled over here, O'Donovan Rossa is again interviewed,—and thus his words pass before a greater number of readers than his own paper is likely to have in a year,—and subscriptions come freely in.

* * * Obtaining subscriptions is, of course, the end and aim of the whole matter, and war is carried on only against servant-girls' pockets. But there is a danger in which the people of this and other countries are involved, though it is, probably, one that never occurred to Rossa or any of his Generals, Chiefs-of-Staff or Engineers. *Some day one of these infernal machines might go off!*

It would then be quite in vain for Rossa to declare that he never meant to hurt anybody, and that he had ordered the machinery so constructed that it could not possibly work. No matter how astonished he would be at any fatal result, such an event would be a very serious one, morally—and even, possibly, pecuniarily—to our government. We cannot allow either our own citizens or resident aliens to continually threaten the lives and property of a people with whom we hold the closest and most friendly relations. Our authorities have been hitherto regardless of Rossa because they thoroughly understood that he never meant any harm; but, unless they can make a private arrangement with him to use olive oil in place of nitro-glycerine, and burnt meal for powder, they will not be justified in longer taking the chances. His subscriptions should not be interfered with, as they serve to diminish the attendance at rum-shops and police-courts. If only Rossa's deadly weapons can be made as little dangerous as he intends them to be, he and his "fund" will be the best safety-valve that the ignorant Irish in this country can have for the hatred and vengeance their own scheming demagogues are forever howling to them to feel.

FAMILIAR DIALOGUES.

FOR THE RELIEF OF AN EXASPERATED POPULACE.

Dialogue No. XIX.—With a Book-agent.

CITIZEN.—No, I don't want a History of Classical Times, gorgeously illustrated, in twenty-four monthly parts, at fifty cents a part.

BOOK AGENT.—[Fill in with whatever Fancy, spurred on by Cheek, might suggest to an active mind.]

C.—Yes, I am quite sure it is an extremely valuable work; but I have no use for Classical Times in my business. I am a manufacturer of lawn-mowers, and patent non-explosive coffee-pots.

B.—.....

C.—No, don't want to take it to read at home. When I retire to my domestic hearth after the day's labor, it is not for the purpose of reading Histories of Classical Times.

B.—.....

C.—Young man, you don't grasp the force of my arguments. I cast no imputation whatever upon the character or quality of your book. I am not only ready to believe that it is all you say it is; but I am willing to look upon it in the light of a combined menagerie, circus, two-headed girl, stereopticon, ice cream festival and promenade concert. All I ask of you is to let me respect it at a distance.

B.—.....

C.—I might look at that book from now till the sun is cold and the stars grow old, and the leaves of the judgement book unfold; but I should not change my mind. When I talk, my young friend, you hear the voice of firmness and resolution shouting from on top of a pin-nacle of principle. This is no foolish whim of youth; no childish prejudice, to be dissipated by the breeze of argument; it is the stern conviction of manhood. I don't want that book.

B.—.....

C.—Will I look at it? Certainly I will. I wish you to understand that there is no bad feeling in the matter - no animus whatever. If it will in any way soften the pain which my refusal must give you, I will gladly yield an hour of my time to the examination of that book.

B.—.....

C.—Yes, I observe the rich and gorgeous binding which you are prepared to furnish when the publication is completed. A mere binding, however, is more or less unsatisfactory when unaccompanied by any literature.

B.—.....

C.—Oh, that is a sample number, is it? What's all this big type? You don't expect people to pay fifty cents for a circular, or for specimens of job-printing, do you?

B.—.....

C.—Oh, it's the preface. Well, show me where the preface leaves off and the history begins.

B.—.....

C.—Begins here, does it? Then what do you mean by binding in a theatrical advertising picture—this representation of a grand transformation scene showing the four seasons and the aurora borealis, with the triumph of the good fairy and the discomfiture of the Black Crook?

B.—.....

C.—Who'd have thought it? That is an allegorical picture giving an epitome of Classic History, is it? Well, it's a mighty pretty picture, and it'll do for something else just as well in the next book you publish.

B.—.....

C.—Yes, I observe this picture. I've seen it before; it's a circus cut; it represents Professor Somebody-or-other's trained St. Bernard dogs, saving the professor's youngest son from freezing to death in an Alpine avalanche.

B.—.....

C.—You don't mean to tell me that it's Romulus and Remus, Suckled by a Wolf? Go away, young man! You've got this thing wrong. There ain't a baby born outside of an idiot asylum that would ever think of going and striking a wolf for a drink. This is mixed up somehow. Maybe you mean a goat.

B.—.....

C.—All right, young fellow! Stick to that story, if you want to be taken for a pupil of P. T. Barnum's who has lost his self-respect. I wonder that you've got the face to offer a shamelessly mendacious history like that to an intelligent public. What's this picture?

B.—.....

C.—Socrates Taking the Bowl of Hemlock, is it? Looks like a scene in a classic soup-kitchen. Is that old tramp Socrates? Who was Socrates, anyhow? Was he the champion original classical free-lunch fiend?

B.—.....

C.—Oh, that's poison he's taking? What were they poisoning him for?

B.—.....

C.—Oh, because he knew too much? Then you're all right. I thought maybe it was for carrying around a bad history in 24 parts.

B.—.....

C.—Oh, yes, it's a pretty enough picture. So's this—this lynching scene, where they've done the fellow up in iron and chucked him into the river. What had he been doing—horse-stealing?

B.—.....

C.—Horatius at the Bridge, is it? Well, you might have chosen a better bridge for purposes of illustration. It seems a kind of broken up.

B.—.....

C.—Oh, no, I'm not complaining of the pictures; they're good pictures.

B.—.....

C.—Yes, and plenty of them, much as they are.

B.—.....

C.—No, the subjects are all right. Nobody could fairly expect you to have pictures of the day in a History of Classical Times.

B.—.....

C.—Certainly, there's nothing the matter with the typographical appearance of the work. It's a credit to the nineteenth century.

B.—.....

C.—I have no objection to the author. He possesses great literary skill, and is an estimable character in private life.

B.—.....

C.—The quality of the paper is beyond criticism.

B.—.....

C.—There is no fault to find with the gilding on the edges. Nobody expects you to cover it with liquid diamond.

B.—.....

C.—I have no fault whatever to find with the book.

B.—.....

C.—Oh, no, thank you; I don't want to buy it. Told you that beforehand; you asked me to look at it, and I have looked at it. The sight has afforded me great pleasure; I always did like looking at pictures. Whenever you've got any more, bring 'em along, they amuse me. But no buy, Book-agent. Bye, bye!

THE belligerent Spaniards have subsided. They will not fight France. This means another loan.

MR. S. L. KELLOGG has published a song called "Come in the Evening or Morning." Now, if he will write a song called "Stay Away in Business Hours," or "Call Again Yesterday, Darling," he will get the boss reading notice from this office, and make no mistake.

Puckings.

THE Democrats have carried Kentucky. The Dutch continue in possession of Holland.

KING KALAKAUA is not a favorite in Springfield, Mass. A paper there pronounces him a "disgrace even to the Sandwich Islands."

ONE of those alleged actors who daily block up the pavement on the south side of Union Square, has been stabbed by a fellow Thespian. Let the good work go on!

GALE, the great walker, and greater nonsleeper, is quite elated over his success. This was to be expected; there was always lots of blow about a gale.

THE Evening Express says that Bolton Jones, the artist, is in New Jersey. Our traveling contributor telegraphs us (collect) that Jolton' Bones is all the way up a Catskill corduroy road.

THE Cornell crew is well-received everywhere abroad. No wonder. It seems to have gone to Europe for no other purpose than to be defeated. Its trip is thus far a complete success.

UNCLE RUFUS has been astonishing the business community by selling wheat, short. Soon he'll be ready to give his own ears for those others, but despite the size the former will then appear, buyers will demand the latter.

CINCINNATI has an Exposition Art Committee, and pistols have already been drawn in the discussion whether cigar-box chromos should be hung on the line or used to decorate the beer-garden attached to the central gallery.

THE British government might make something out of those infernal machines by hitching dial plates on to them and setting them up in Hyde Park as lung-testers, 1½ d. a test. They would be quite as accurate and useful as those we have at Coney Island.

IF the Cornell crew get beaten at Vienna, they ought to try and pick up some victims among the Ionian Islanders. And if again defeated, perhaps a row on the Dead Sea, the waters of which are so uncommonly salt, might cure the Cornell crew's complaint.

A WOMAN has been poisoned in New Brunswick, N. J., by drinking excursion lemonade. That is nothing. We have known three old and experienced alcoholists fall dead after indulgence in church-fair lemonade. The doctor said their system was unused to such severe hydropathic treatment.

EVER since Mr. R. Cornell White announced free excursions for babies-in-arms and their mothers, quite a lively business has been done in baby-lending. Prices rule at 10 cents for the day, but those ladies who don't object to a little extra unpleasantness can procure a supply in the Italian quarter at 8 cents.

PUCK'S POSITIVE ANSWERS TO IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS.

CUT THIS OUT,
pin it under the lapel of your coat
and present the other side suddenly
to the Fiend who asks you

WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD?

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CLXXXIV.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.



Ya-as, the Irwisch Land bill has been passed in the House of Commons by a large majorwity, and it is weceiving a good deal of discussion in the House of Lords, but I suppose it will weally have to become law.

Many of my fwends and welaives who sit in "the Lords" have witten to me at differwent times to ask my opinion of the mattah. Don't know why they should do this sort of thing, because I nevah was particularly stwong in politics, but I suppose the fellaws think because I am wedsing in Amerwica I am maw competent to expwess my views on the subject, than if I were in Gweat Bwitain.

Some witah once wemarked that no man was a pwophet in his own countwy, and I suppose aw because I happen to be out of my countwy I am a pwophet, although I am not going to pwophecy just now.

Fwom what I can understand of the pwovisions of the bill, everwy Irwisch inferwiah-farmah or small laborwah can live on any land and pay any went that may aw suit him.

If he does not find it particularly convenient to waise the necessarwy funds faw the purpose, he is not obliged to twouble himself, but can tell his landlord that it is all wight, and the lat-tah must wait until the next yeah, or the yeah astah that, to weceive the money that is ovah due.

The pwoprietah has not the powah to eject the pwocwastinating tenant, and if he should show any disposition to do so, the tenant has the pwivilege of firwing bullets into the landlord's body, and is not bound to pay the expenses faw burwyng him. If the landlord by any chance should take it into his head to we-sent any attack of this kind, and the tenant should happen to lose his life in the stwuggle, it is aw wilful murdah on the part of the landlord, but it is, I believe, the legal phrwase is—justifiable homicide when the landlord is killed.

To me this does seem somewhat weversing the ordah of things, and yet Jack Carnegie, who is an extwemely sensible fellow, says that it is absolutely necessary that there should be some kind of land legislation in Irweland. Ya-as, I dessay, but I can't faw the life of me see why the inferwiah classes should have all the pwivileges, and we poor arwistocwats and pwoperty-holdahs should get none at all.

Aw but I can't say that it makes a great deal of difference to me. I nevah had a gweat deal of weward faw Irweland or the Irwisch, and, a'though I have some land there, 'pon my soul, I don't care verwy much what becomes of it. I warely get any went faw it, and to save twouble I might just as well pwesent it to some of the most wiotsous tenants. In fact, I would sooner do so, than to go in the neighborhood

PUCK'S POSITIVE ANSWERS TO IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS.

BEER!

Why Don't You Say It?

myself to collect the went, and wun the wisk of having a bullet lodged in my bwain. Besides, it would be a dangerwous thing faw me to do now that I am marwid. I don't believe Mrs. Fitznoodle would heah of such a thing.

I used to have some considerable weward faw the Irwisch charwacter, but can't say now, ye know, that my admiration faw it is verwy gweat. Irwischmen have been doing too many disageweable things, and using too much pwo-fane language. Besides, they have been murdering maw people than I think necessarwy undah the circumstances, and they are always twying to blow up buildings and innocent people with nitwo-glycerwine and othah explosive materw'al. No! I am no longer their fiend, and I am not at all surpvised that my fwends Salisburwy and Argyle should pwotest so stwongly against the passage of this Irwisch land bill aw.

FISHING.

N	E	NE	U
day	away	wet,	wet,
You	wish	e And	e And
To	To	t Upset	t Upset
fish:	float	get	get
You	A	You	You
boat;	A	slip;	slip;
A	squirm-	You	You
worm,	Ing	grip	grip
A	A	Your	Your
line	line	work:	work:
Of	Of	Quick	Quick
twine:	twine:	jerk;	jerk;
From	From	You	You
books	books	prise!	prise!
Of	Of	Sur-	Sur-
hooks	hooks	rise!	rise!
You	You	late.	late.
try	try	Till	Till
A	A	Hard	wait
fly,	fly,	bait;	fad!
Or	Or		You
troll	troll		
With	With		
pole	pole		
Till	Till		
noon--	noon--		
The	The		
spoon	spoon		
And	And		
you	you		
Make	Make		
two.	two.		
At	At		
last	last		
You	You		
cast	cast		
Your	Your		
bait;	bait;		
Hard	Hard		
wait	wait		
fad!	fad!		
You	You		

JOHN ALBRO.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG fellow who had a meerschaum,
Smoked it up till as brown as a haum;
The people would flow
Where e'er he would gow,
Which always produced a big jaum.

A YOUNG fellow at fair Coney Isle,
Upon the wrong horse bet his pile;
A pistol he drew
And speedily blew
His brains full a half of a misle.

A YOUNG fellow afflicted with rheum,
About it would rave and would pheum;
While swearing one day,
Death took him away;
He's now laid away in his theum. T. Q.

TOO ACTIVE.



GROUP of five or six firemen was sitting in the spacious hall of engine house

No . . . , partaking of a lunch of sandwiches just brought from a neighboring restaurant, and chatting triumphantly over their last big achievement of the evening before, when they had started for a fire in less than two seconds, as a rather seedy looking individual entered through the open big door and, with lingering steps, approached the lunch party.

"Are you the noble heroes, the pride of the Metropolis, who made them Chicago fellows swear by getting ready for the start in less than two seconds?" he asked.

One of the firemen answered that they were.

"Now," said the stranger, "I tell you, ladies and gentlemen—beg your pardon, I have been in the show business a couple of years and have become rather accustomed to that way of addressing a crowd—now, gentlemen, accept my sincerest congratulations for this big, wonderful, glorious feat—beating the fastest record in the world. Your names will be engraved on the iron tablets of history for all time to come, for all time, I tell yer."

The red hue on the bronzed faces of the blushing firemen grew brighter, and one of them asked the stranger what he wanted.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen—excuse me, boys—well, boys, you have accomplished a glorious thing beating them chaps of the Chicago fire department all to pieces, but, on my bright, untarnished honor, I will perform before your astonished eyes a feat a good deal grander than yours. Let me have a horse-timer and—"

"A what?" interrupted one of the firemen the loquacious ex-showman.

"A horse-timer," resumed the stranger, "yer know, the kind of a horological arrangement by the aid of which you are enabled to measure parts of a second, and—"

"Oh, it's a stop-watch you mean," interrupted here again the same fireman. "I guess the Cap'n has kept one in his room since them Chicago fellers made asses of themselves by not knowing how to use the thing you call an 'ornological arrangement.'"

With these words he went to the Captain's room and soon returned with the desired article.

"Now let's see what you can do beating our fast time," he said to the triumphantly smiling stranger.

"Now," the ex-showman began again, "ladies and gentlemen, now, boys, I should say, yer will witness something never performed before, and beating all your wonderful alacrity in harnessing horses. Hold this 'ere watch, young fellow, and when I put my right hand on this 'ere plate of sandwiches then set the stop-watch a-going."

The eyes of all present now turned eagerly to the stranger and the sandwiches. There were seven of the latter on the plate. The stranger, opening a mouth resembling a barndoar, swallowed one sandwich—the other six with lightning celerity—the plate was empty—the fireman with the stop watch cried:

"One second!" and the stranger was gone.

This story, true as it is, is one of the moral kind, so I have to affix a moral. There it is in the shape of a narration of the fearful consequences brought upon the stranger by his voracious appetite and astonishing celerity. On the next corner the unfortunate man stopped, and holding both hands over the part of his body where his overcrowded stomach made it very warm for him, he muttered: "I have been six years in the employ of Mr. Barnum, and every night I swallowed a dozen swords, but se-ven re-stau-rant sand-wich-es— — —"

They had to carry him to Roosevelt Hospital.

F. C. M.

A HINT FOR THE DISPOSAL OF GUITEAU.



LET A CONSULTATION BE HELD ON HIM.

SEE WORCESTER.

MILITARY HARSHSHIP.

Private Smith thus complained to his Colonel:
"This weather to you may seem volonel;
But, my work being done
In the heat of the sone,
To me it seems simply infolonel."

THE QUEEN'S ANNOYANCE.

It chanced in Victoria's reign,
When Wales needed his gold-headed ceign,
To help him walk straight;
His ma noticed his gaught,
And said: "Albert, this causes me peign."

WONDERFUL FACIAL EXPRESSION.

Said Thomas to Richard: "Oh, come
And drink at my cost some good rom'e."
You'd have known Richard meant
To nod him asseant,
Though you happened to be deaf and dème.

\$4.50 PER DAY.

A landlord whose boarders were cliquey,
And most of whose bed-rooms were liquey,
Met every complaint
With the answer, "They ain't,"
And said the complainers were cliquey.
DEVONSHIRE.

CAPRICIOUS CHUM.

There was a bold Marquis named Cholmondeley,
Who sometimes behaved rather rolmondeley;
For a day and a half
He would chatter and lalf,
And then for a week would sulk glolmundely.
SOLOMON SQUABOWL.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

A taster of Château Margaux
Tried mixing the wine with some daux;
It so tasted of rye,
That he said with a sye,
Oh! this is too utterly laux!

Q. T.

A "CRANK."

TURNED BY TOM CHRYSSTAL.

CHILDHOOD.

HE turned o'er in his cradle,
He turned his food to cheese;
He turned the night's sweet stillness
Into a full hades.

YOUTH.

He turned his puggy nose up
When things didn't go "just so;"
He turned his back on the old folks,
Because they were "too slow."

MANHOOD.

He turned from good to evil;
Became a burglar bold;
And turned up hidden treasures
Of silver and of gold.

THE TURNING POINT.

He turned the key of a front door,
Then turned to see it slam—
But a ball from a well-turned rifle
Turned o'er his diaphragm.

FINIS.

They turned him 'neath the flowers,
Close by a mossy bank;
And, turned up to the daisies,
Are the toes of this old "crank."

FREE-LUNCH.

CAN a mosquito be called a full-blooded animal?

"O! GIVE me back the socks I gave to you," sang the pugilist who had vanquished his opponent.

THE farmer who has been tormented by boys during the past year, now allows them to come into the orchard and take all the apples they please.

"WHAT kind of a mark is that?" said Magridy to his friend Talthorpe, pointing to a scar on his face. "It's a question mark," replied the other: "got it for asking a man 'if it was warm enough for him.'"

THERE MAY be obstacles in the way of the discovery of the North Pole, but they pale into insignificance compared with an attempt to find a fugitive collar button in the berth of a sleeping car, at the end of a journey.

"ANYTHING on this counter for five cents," was the sign on a stand in Sixth avenue, and when the girl went up to the tailor's sign who was tending, and said she didn't think he was worth five cents, he felt as if he'd like to fall through a crack in the street.

SOME anonymous miscreant has just sent us a pun upon "jargonelle," and a "hades o' jargon," accompanied with explanations which make it, if possible, worse. As soon as we can find out who he is, we shall joyfully stand him treat for a first-class funeral.

TIM KICK.

MONEY FOR EUROPE AND MUSCLES FOR AMERICA.



ARE STOLEN KISSES REALLY BEST?

I DO not think so. Shame! you say.

Let us look at this thing from a matter-of-fact point of view. The argument of those who plead in the affirmative is, briefly, that the value we set upon most luxuries is in proportion to the difficulties by which they are obtained. A kiss is clearly a luxury, hence, the circumstance of its being taken forcibly augments its advantages. Kisses most difficult to obtain are prized the most. Those which go, as it were, begging, are valued the least. These are the two limits to the standard. To steal a kiss is said to be a very exquisite thing. Its rarity makes it unduly desirable. How much more romantic the impress of loving lips on a soft cheek which don't expect them than the regulation exercise divested of all its uncertainty, novelty and zest! Thus, the advocates of this form of theft.

But, as there are two sides to a kiss, there are also two sides to the consideration of the most effectual and approved way of taking one. I submit, in the first place, that a kiss *per se* amounts to nothing. It is a form—a very charming one, if you will—but a form, nevertheless. What makes it of value is the sentiment or emotion which actuates and accompanies it. A kiss may betoken love, confidence, sympathy, hope, forgiveness, welcome, sorrow, regret, satisfaction, or encouragement. The stolen kiss, if genuine, (which, by the way, it seldom is) is an entirely *ex parte* affair. To kiss a girl clandestinely indicates that you love her. To let her kiss you indicates that the feeling is reciprocal. To steal a kiss from a girl who is about to go away indicates your regret at her departure. On the other hand, if she lets you kiss her under the same conditions, it means more: that you are sorry to leave her, that she is glad you are sorry and that she is sorry to leave you. No thoughtful and sensible man, I submit, would, under these circumstances, steal a kiss when he could come by it honestly.

Accordingly, we are brought face to face with the fact (and face to face conveys the idea exactly) that the real pleasure derived from a stolen kiss lies in the kiss itself, and not in softer and gentler emotions which accompany it and give it its only value. But can this proposition be sustained? What is there in a kiss to make it a luxury? Regarded as a mere method of communicating magnetism, a clasping of hands is far more expressive. The hand is a better medium than the lips. Conceive two men, one of whom has his hand in his vest pocket, the other his lips in motion. Which is the more acceptable to the average woman?

The man with his hand in his pocket, of course, presuming that he takes it out. The salute of lips, when done by stealth, is of no value either as a symbol of affection or as a means of communicating it. When you prefer the glass to the liquor, the coat to the form it encases, or the door-plate to the house it identifies, it will be time to prefer the transitory

satisfaction of a stolen kiss to the unspeakable value of one given and accepted in good faith.

Women, estimating rightly that kisses of themselves are of no value, are very prodigal of them to their female friends. If they yielded, or were understood to yield the latter any real satisfaction, they would not give them away.

The basis of popular government is what? The consent of those governed. The basis of valuable and meaningful kissing is what? The consent of those kissed.

I can conceive of no benefit which could possibly come to a man who kisses a girl from whom it is necessary to extort the opportunity. For, conceding that a kiss is a luxury *per se*, would not the girl want it? And if she does not, is it not because she knows that, under these circumstances, it is no good? I believe you!

A kiss is, to use a commercial simile, a draft on the affections. It is drawn, invariably, on sight. Very good. Now, a stolen kiss is a draft which is not honored. An accepted kiss is one that is. This is just the difference. Men who steal kisses are of two kinds:

1) Those who could have had them without stealing.

2) Those who are not thanked for their petty larceny.

In either case, I submit that nothing is gained by the theft. What is the use of stealing what one may have as a gift? And what woman who would withhold her heart from a man would care anything for the disposal of her cheek?

Most clearly then, stolen kisses are not best, save for those who can get them no other way, and these are never to be envied. If this sort of argument shakes any deeply-rooted prejudices on the subject I am sorry, but kissing is a serious thing—sometimes—and there is no reason why it shouldn't be looked at sensibly.

ERNEST HARVIER.

LITERARY.

"THE POET AND HIS MASTER."

THE thermometer was up in the nineties,
The mosquitoes were buzzing around,
When a poet arose from a restless couch
And in song some solace found

"The snow was falling fast," he wrote,
"The air," he said, "was freezing."
Lying about the weather was
To his morbid fancy pleasing.

He mailed the poem to a magazine
Before he dared to slumber,
And it caught the editorial eye
In time for the Christmas number.

HENRY DUNBAR.

LEO HARTMANN,
EX-NIHILIST AND MINE-EXPLORER.
FUGITIVE FROM RUSSIAN TYRANNY
AND THE
OPPRESSIONS OF THE DESPOT AUTOCRAT.
ALL FOR 10 CENTS.

Leo Hartmann begs to call the attention of the managers of Lyceums, and Lecture-Bureaus, the proprietors of Circuses, and the lessees of Variety theatres and Concert-saloons to his

NEW AND POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT,
descriptive of all the aims, working, and resources of the

GREAT ORDER OF NIHILISM.

The lecture will be illustrated and illuminated by many novel and beautiful experiments.

ALL EXPLOSIONS GUARANTEED HARMLESS.

As Mr. Hartmann's entertainment has been hitherto unknown outside of Russia, where it has often been given with great effect and to the widespread delight of millions of loyal subjects, he desires to submit a few of the principal points, in order that some idea of their attractiveness may be made evident.

EXTENT OF NIHILISM.

The lecturer will first give particulars of the number of Nihilists and prove conclusively that 98,999,874,225,647,001 per centum of the entire population of all the Russians are sworn Nihilists, and that the infinitesimal remainder are secret sympathizers. He will then proceed to show the regularly repeated weekly programme of the order, which may be briefly outlined as follows:

Monday. Send letter to Czar, saying he will be blown inside out before one hundred and forty-four hours shall have been mown down by the steady sweep of Time's remorseless scythe. (These letters, written by an exiled Grand Duke, are really very fine, as may be judged by the above sample.)

Tuesday. Explode a mine under the dining table of the reputed half-sister to the Czarewitch's third stable helper.

Wednesday. Charge the head-cook of the Palace, under penalty of the "VENGEANCE OF THE ORDER," to omit all salt from the food and replace with tartar-emetic.

Thursday. Renew all damaged seditious placards, and print and post new ones. N. B.—Must be made more horrible each week.

Friday. Give the police information where they can arrest an alleged Nihilist, who will be found with glass bombs, dynamite, nitro-glycerine, giant-powder, fulminate of silver, and slow and quick fuses in his possession. N. B.—Lots must be drawn weekly in the city where the "little father" is sojourning, to see which of his children shall be arrested.

Saturday. Poison all the palace wells with petroleum and Turkey rhubarb. Put burrs in the Czar's bed, and, if possible without detection, put a placard in his special prayer-book.

Sunday. Deliver letter to Czarina, stating that her husband will certainly be killed that day. Blow up part of a church, previously making sure that no one of the court party will be there. N. B.—It is advisable, if a good shot can be obtained, and a safe point of vantage secured, to put a bullet into one of the sentries at the main gate of the Palace.

HOW TO POST PLACARDS.

The marvelous invention, by means of which the Nihilists are able to post placards without any fear of discovery, will be fully explained and clearly exemplified by numerous interesting experiments. The machinery, which has so long baffled the ingenuity of the Despot's keenest spies and detectives, consists of an

THE SERVICEABLE STATION HAND.



HOW CAN HE DO IT ALL?

ENORMOUS BEAN SHOOTER,
WORKED BY A CONDENSED-AIR ENGINE.

The placard to be posted, having been pasted on the plain side, is rolled around a peculiar spring brush, which on striking a wall expands and immediately securely fastens the placard. This invention will work at a distance of two miles, and the flight of the projectile is so rapid as to absolutely defy detection. By means of the shooter an announcement of the most revolutionary character may be affixed to the walls of the palace, and even, if the Czar's window is left open, to his bed-head.

THE INVISIBLE BALLOONS.

Of all the wonderful inventions of the age, these are beyond question the most surprising. The envelope is made of a fibre spun from perfectly transparent glass-thread, the weight of which is easily maintained by a wonderfully sustaining elastic fluid, discovered by one of our members, and named in honor of the league,

"NIHILISTIC GAS."

(Visitors need have no fear of this compound, which, though manufactured in the largest quantities, is absolutely

NON-EXPLOSIVE AND INNOCUOUS.)

The cars of the balloons are made of closely condensed carbonic-acid gas, and while entirely invisible, are sufficiently opaque to hide their occupants, who can drop explosive bombs on any

PUBLIC BUILDINGS,
thus insuring their
INSTANT DESTRUCTION.

The entire system of digging and firing mines, with full particulars how to destroy

FREIGHT TRAINS,

will be amply shown.

THE STARTLING CONCLUSION will consist of the reading of letters from prominent persons who have lately joined the Nihilistic ranks. The last of these will be from

THE CZARINA HERSELF.

Mr. Hartmann has every hope of increasing his notoriety and pecuniary attractiveness by securing his arrest at the hands of

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, but despite the advantage arising from any such event, engagements made at his present moderate terms will be faithfully kept.

Mr. Hartmann cannot too often or too strenuously announce that all his words, experiments and inventions are

ABSOLUTELY SAFE AND HARMLESS

and are

PARTICULARLY ADAPTED FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Mr. Hartmann would suggest to managers that free admittance should be given to

BABIES IN ARMS.

Mr. Hartmann may be addressed

c/o The Marquis of Lorne,
Ottawa, P. Q., Canada,

or

c/o Old Jim Crowe,
Peoria, Illinois.

'Twas on a line of rail well known—
The finest in our land—
That I found quite cold, on a platform old,
The corpse of a station hand.

He'd had so many things to do,
And so few in his life had missed,
That by death possessed, he could n't rest
From saying over the list.

I gazed upon his careworn face,
And his sunken eyelids closed;
And his thin lips stirred, and I caught
each word,
Just as if he only dozed.

"Oh, I am a train- and a station-hand,
And a flagman who tends a switch;
And a ticket-seller and handy feller,
And I don't know mostly which."

"Oh, railroad man," said I: "I know
Not much of railroad ways;
It's beyond my ken how you're so many
men.
Will you tell me if it pays?"

Then his hollow jaws gave a ghastly wag,
As he answered my question: "I am
A railroad hand, at the Co.'s command—
\$1.67 per diem!

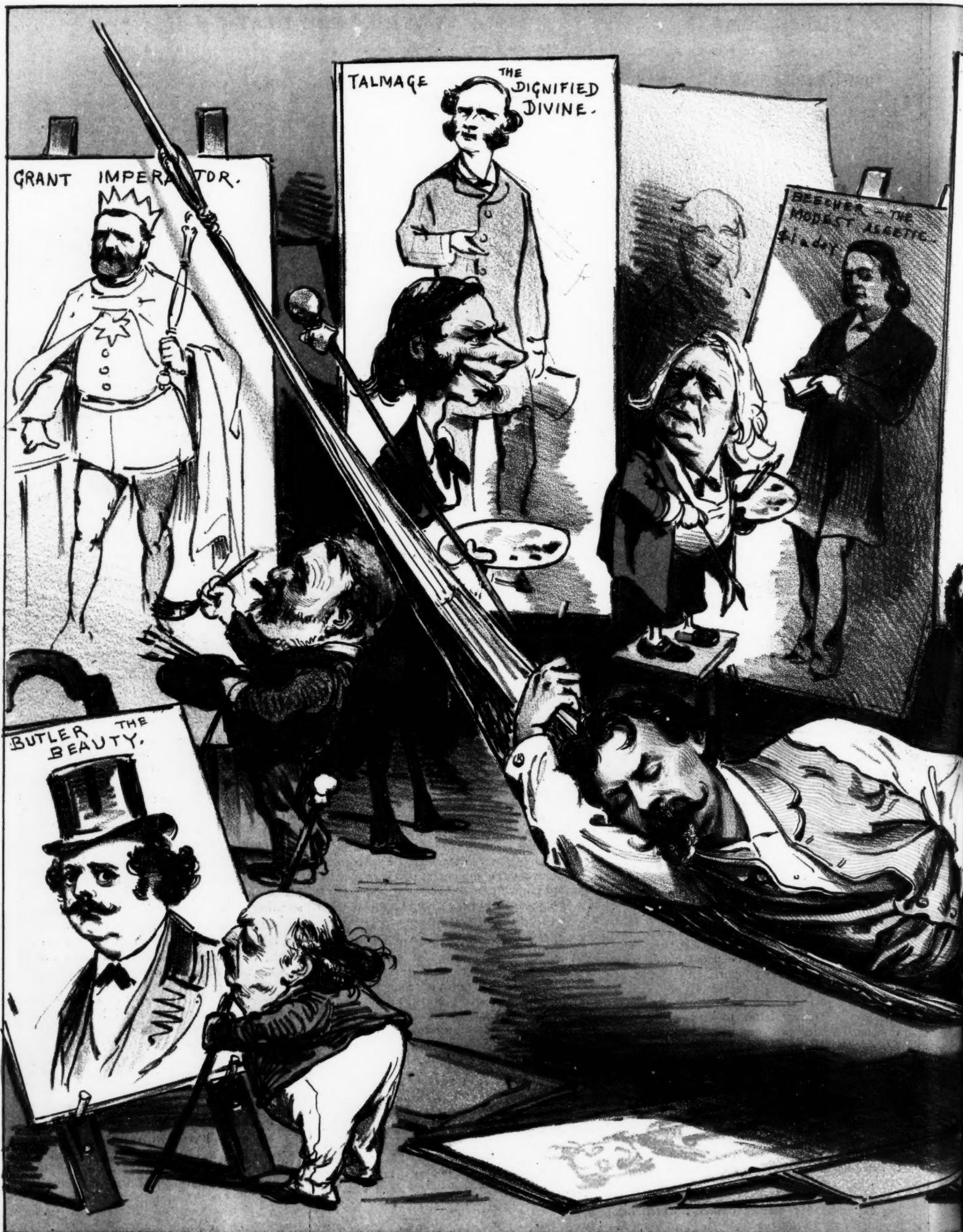
I shovel dirt, I clean the lamps,
I tidy up the station,
I'm out in chills and fogs and damps,
It is my occupation.

I tend the switch, I walk the track;
Including every siding;
I send the tramps cahootin' back,
Whene'er I catch them riding.

I keep the railroad-crossing gate;
I do the baggage checking,
I send the mails and bill the freight,
The while my food I'm peckin'.

For I am a train- and a station-hand,
And a flagman who tends a switch;
And a ticket-seller and handy feller,
And I don't know mostly which!"

For he'd had so many things to do,
And so few in his life had missed,
That by death possessed, he could n't rest
From saying over the list.



OFFICE OF PUCK 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

A MID-SUMMER DAY
While Our Artist Sleeps, His Favorite Subjects Are Left to Justice

P.T.K.



TIME DAY'S DREAM.

The Left Justice to Themselves, and to Correct His Conceptions.

MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITH. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

THE CHAMELEON LOVER.

He said she was his angel queen;
Just then the youth was rather green.

But when she laughed and shook her head,
His color changed from green to red.

As she arose and turned her back,
His countenance looked very black.

In came her pa; the sudden fright
Made the sweet youth turn ghastly white.

Outside, helped by the parent's shoe,
The chap was looking, oh, so blue!

And as he left that part of town,
One might have seen he was dun brown.

"But for her pa, I might have had her,"
He thought, an-gray he grew and madder.

He saw a purple little cur;
"I'll kick you, dorg," he groaned, "for her."

He kicked the pup, who bit him through,
And made the fellow black and blue.

Now at his home the youth was slate;
His ma was sleeping; he must wait.

She came right down, took him in hand,
And quickly then the boy was tanned.

Strange that these colors made him cry,
"I guess it's time for me to dye."

And then he died and went to Hades,
Where of the colors every shade is.

H. C. DODGE.

ANSWER IN OUR NEXT.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I'm one of the "unsalted," and I glory in it! I wear tight trousers and pointed shoes. I brush my hair over my ears, and defy you or anybody else to put salt on the tail of my three-button cutaway.

PUCK would not be where it is to-day if it was not for the "unsalted." Its proprietors would not be hobnobbing with Vanderbilt and Jay Gould but for the dimes of the much-maligned R. G.'s (rising generation).

Now, PUCK, old chap, let me ask you a question, and, although you don't wear tight trousers or pointed shoes, I will give some weight to your answer.

Do the modest, quiet, unassuming young men get on best in this world? Do not you and others, who have prospered and laid up shekels where moth and rust, etc., say of the modest and quiet youth: "Ah, yes, Jimmy is a nice boy, but there is no 'go' in him?" And do not you and others give poor Jimmy the go-by and pick out one of us—the cheekiest of the lot? Why, bless your heart, of course you do. Now, let me take you into the confidence of the unsalted, and tell you that most of us dislike notoriety as much as you do our making ourselves notorious; but we have ascertained early in life that people show most regard for those who make themselves most offensive. As a proof of my assertion, witness the quiet man at a seaside hotel with clerk or waiter; watch him on the railroad and at the theatre, and see how he is imposed on. "Buttsy" and me know what's what, you bet. Ever thine,

ONE OF THE UNSALTED.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASLTINE.—Let her swelter.

"Five Million Readers."—PUCK ON WHEELS is guaranteed non-explosive and thoroughly healthy; free from malaria or mosquitoes.

BERT MANTON.—They say that most great poets win fame after they are dead. Just suppose you give us a chance to find out how your stake in the pool of immortality will come out after you are laid away in the mossy tomb.

GORDON LAWRENCE.—You may say, if you wish to, that the man who last week died with his hat on "capped the climax;" but if you do, you will probably find that man's disembodied spirit waiting for you with a stuffed club when you yourself reach the other side of silvery Jordan.

C. HARDINGE.—If we could get at you and the rest of the entertaining individuals who are trying to work "bulletin and bullet out" puns on the nation, there would be a holocaust that would be as delightful to the public as a good, thorough, Far-West style of lynching applied to Guiteau. You would top the holocaust. You are the only one of the 11,297 we have tackled already who has had the icy nerve to call that atrocity an "original idea."

J. G. WILLIAMS, Boston.—You are a bold man to criticise our pet poets. We are willing to allow every man free speech; but we will not undertake to shield you from the consequences of your indiscretion. If ever you come to New York, and get anywhere in the neighborhood of our private Parnassus, you will find yourself let in for a hand-to-hand encounter with two enraged young ladies, the respective Muses of R. K. M. and C. E. W. If you don't go back to Boston a sadder and a balder critic, we are no judge of the ire that may be kindled in celestial minds by injudicious caviling at noble works of literary art.

C. C. W.—To the man who asks us such a question as this:

NORFOLK, August 1st, 1881.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Please answer the following in your next issue in the correspondents' column. If it takes an India-rubber elephant six weeks to hatch two four-eyed ducks from a half-dozen cast-iron water-melons, how many boot-jacks will it take to shingle the shadow of a lamp-post?

Respectfully,

C. C. W.

we can only say: It would require but one shingle, well and persistently applied, to check your morbid thirst for statistical information.

Dr. M. H. Henry, Surgeon-in-Chief to the State Emigrant Hospital, has sent us a small pamphlet on "Specialists and Specialties in Medicine." It is an address delivered in 1876, and is a careful, able and suggestive plea for "a higher standard of education and culture in medicine." In view of the growing feeling that the profession ought to be thoroughly purged of quacks and incompetents, Messrs. William Wood & Co. could not do better than to republish this address, which they originally issued five years ago.

MAN'S FIDELITY.

*A*S I said good bye at the station
In a little country town,
And kissed away the tear-drops.
While her hair fell bewitchingly down,
And she looked at me so sweetly
And said, "You will not forget"—
I swore to her I'd be faithful,
And called her a dear little pet.

Then the train bore me back to the city
To busily toil each day;
There was scarcely time to remember
My girl so far away;
But when the day was ended,
And I sat in silence alone,
Then I thought of the little daisy
I should claim some day as my own.

Three nights I bore up bravely
As I thought of the time to come;
Three nights I tried to be cheerful,
But was only silent and glum,
And then upon the fourth night
I gave my moustache a twirl,
Put on my killing necktie,
And—called on another girl.

R. GONAUT.

A SHORT, BUT SWEET LIFE.

He was only a boy, a boy who had not been born with a silver spoon in his mouth—no, he was one of those boys who are born with a shovel in one hand and a coal-scuttle in the other. When he was only three years old he began to launch out for himself—he launched across the table for a schooner of beer, which his father had laid down; but he received a smack instead.

With only this capital of a smack he began to raise himself—or he began to raise Old Harry; but he was almost immediately taken down from his high position, and placed across the old man's knee. Yet he was not damaged by these failures. When he was but a few weeks older he made another start—he started for the door to escape the wrath of his mother. He had the audacity to tell her "to give us something new." She granted his request: the soles of her new slippers throbbed in unison on that boy.

When about six years old, he had almost reached the top of the ladder which, if it did not lead to fame, led to fortune, for he had been promised the sum of five cents to put up the clothes-line. But the top was not to be reached so easily as he thought, for he slipped and fell down, and a few of his ribs were broken. It was at this time that he first rode in a carriage. It was the Black Maria, in which he was conveyed to Bellevue. It was then that he thought he would die; but he told the doctor he would scorn to do such a mean action, and, true to his word, he recovered, and in about six weeks was playing around Croton-bug Alley.

When he was about nine years old, he was the possessor of a pistol; but he never fired it off himself—he used to lend it to the good boys around where he lived. In this way he procured more free carriage rides to the cemeteries than he would have in any other way. He was always a friend of the poor boy who died of lock-jaw.

One day, the pistol went off accidentally, and he was shot in the thumb. Knowing that he would probably have lock-jaw and float to heaven, he began to attend Sunday-school, as he said, so that when he died he would have a good send-off, and be followed by the whole school, and have flowers, harps, hearts, and shields, etc., with expressions like these: "Gone, but not forgotten," "Poor Robbie," or "Our Brother," but it was not to be. Contrary to his expectations he got better, and having taken all the hymn-books and sold them in the junk-shop, he concluded to give up going to Sunday-school. When he was eleven years old, he was left a temporary orphan; his father and mother, having got into a dispute, had set the house on fire, and had both departed to a location indicated by the judge. Knowing that he now had to push himself, (for his father was not around to push him now,) he procured a situation in a match factory with the congenial employment of biting the ends of matches to make them fit in the box. But often, by mistake, he put the wrong end in his mouth, and his employer, thinking he wasted too many matches, discharged him. Tired and disgusted with the city, he left it at the age of fourteen, and started into the country to make a fortune. On his second day's travel, he climbed over into an orchard and stole some green apples. That night, as he rolled into bed, which consisted of his shoes for his pillow and his mother Earth for a mattress, he was attacked with spasms. They buried him where he lay. Dear reader, should you ever pass that way, drop a tear for the fate of a boy who, in time, might have been a member of the legislature.

T. QUIRK.

AMUSEMENTS.

Owing to unavoidable pressure on our columns, we are obliged this week to condense our theatrical notes thus:

"Sam'l of Posen" has left Haverly's and gone elsewhere to win new triumphs for Messrs. Jessop and Curtis.

"The Professor" has been reconstructed without being amended; and continues to please large audiences at the MADISON SQUARE. This is queer, but true.

"La Mascotte" has passed its hundredth night at the BIJOU, and doesn't care a cent for the hot weather. We do, and we're not going to write a line more.

MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. IV.—*My Mother-in-Law.*

EVER since the time of Cain and Abel, this world has been troubled with mothers-in-law. There's an excessive supply of the article just now. If I were writing an article for an encyclopedia, I could prove conclusively that one mother-in-law is sufficient for ten families. As my space is limited, I will merely suggest that you should lend your mother-in-law to nine other fellows, and then see if every fellow does n't get a genteel sufficiency of the article. Why should not the over supply of mothers-in-law be drowned? In fact, why, as soon as a woman has reached the stage of mother-in-law in her career, should n't she go out and drown herself? We could then have a drowning in imitation of the East Indian suttee, and it would be a ceremony which would delight marriageable young men. I admit that mothers should be allowed to live till after the marriage ceremony, because some one must give a deciding vote as to tulle, and silk, and satin, and boss the job generally; but, as soon as the twain have been welded into one, the mother-in-law should go out and drown herself. In this way marriage would become a blessing to the country, and those chaps who manage to marry five or six wives in the course of a single life could boast of the number of mothers-in-law they have swept from the face of the earth. But, as society is now constituted, my advice to young men about to marry is, marry orphans.

Of course I do not assert absolutely that there may not be an occasional mother-in-law who is cheerful and pleasant. It is a well-settled fact in natural history that there may be a needle in a haystack. Perhaps Eve was not an objectionable mother-in-law. You see, in those days, a husband was not expected to provide all the luxuries which ingenious dressmakers, and bonnet-evolvers, and furniture-creators, in these days, bring into existence. The modern mother-in-law, however, with her eye single to the interests of her chee-ild, makes one join with Darwin in sighing for those good old days when mothers-in-law, and wives, and husbands all hung by their caudal appendages from the branches of trees, and sucked cocoanuts. Without in the least intending to augment the receipts of Uncle Sam, I would say to all men of a creative turn of mind, that the fellow who patents a wife without a mother-in-law attachment, will make his everlasting fortune.

We had settled ourselves comfortably in our rural home, and I was patiently awaiting such delights as are afforded by the country—if there are any such—when I was struck by a moral thunderbolt. I was sitting one morning at the open window, listening to the cheerful music of the frogs which inhabited a neighboring puddle, when Mrs. Lot approached me, and, in her sweetest way, remarked: "I am going to ask ma to come and live with us."

To say that I was surprised is to put the case mildly. If I had been walking in a long tunnel, and had been hit by the tail of a comet, I could not have been more astonished. Up to that time I had succeeded in keeping Mrs. Lot's mother out of my home. She was a widow, whose only surviving children were a son and a daughter. I had always insisted that, by all laws human and divine, her place was in her son's home. And now, after the matter had been arranged, here was an attempt to hang that woman around my neck for life; for I knew well that, if she once managed to enter my home, she would never leave it.

"My dear," said I, mildly, resolved to reason with my wife, "what do you need your mother here for?"

"Well," said she, "in this out-of-the-way place I want some one to whom I can talk."

"But, my dear," said I, "am I not the most patient of listeners, and was there ever a time when I was not ready and willing to converse?"

"Pshaw!" said she, "you can't talk about petticoats, and basques, and lace, and trimmings, and patterns, and such things."

"I confess," said I, "that I have not turned my gigantic intellect upon such subjects, but, for the sake of domestic harmony, I will gladly put myself under instruction by any mantua-maker you may select."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed she. "I want ma, and I'm going to ask her."

"It's against my wishes," said I.

"If you could give a decent reason for disliking ma, I'd listen to it; but as you can't, I mean to invite her, and I hope she'll come," remarked Mrs. Lot as she turned away.

And ma came. Of course I knew that she would come. She had desired for some years to crowd herself into my household, and, of course, she embraced this opportunity. I particularly disliked the woman. She is one of those little, pig-eyed, smirking women, who have soft voices, and, what females call, sooth-ing ways; who constantly put their hands on you and smooth down your sleeve or your coat collar, and who pretend to agree entirely with you in opinion, while, to the best of their abilities, they are endeavoring to carry out their own aims. Now, Mrs. Lot differs wholly from her mother. My wife is a rather large woman, with charming features and clear, large, hazel eyes, and in her manner she is independent, if not brusque. I am inclined to think that Mrs. Lot's mother must have been changed in her cradle—no, that is wrong—must have been carried off by gypsies—no, I don't mean that—well, anyhow I think Mrs. Lot must have been her ma's child by another father and mother.

If my mother-in-law does not know my views as to her availability as a resident beneath our roof, then she must be deaf, dumb, and blind. I made up my mind that her position in our household must be promptly fixed, and, whenever she attempted to interfere with me or my things, I put my foot down. I don't often indulge in that performance, but when I do, I make Rome howl; the very window glasses tremble in their sashes with fright. I am gradually teaching my wife's ma that she can go to a certain point, and no further. It may be that if you take a mother-in-law at the proper time, and treat her in the proper manner, she can be thoroughly domesticated. I mean to experiment in that direction with my wife's ma. If I succeed, I will write a detailed account of my performances, with rules for the guidance of young married men, and I'll print that account. If I do not sell 10,000,000,000 copies, then are mothers-in-law most shamefully misrepresented. If I fail, I have a plan in embryo, which, when I work out the details, will end my troubles. A late scientific work asserts that you can put a package of nitro-glycerine under a person's chair, connect a wire with it, and, with an electrical battery a mile away, touch off the battery, and then, before you can say Jack Robinson, the person sitting on the chair will be beyond the stars, trying on her wings and tuning up her harp. As soon as I can arrange some way of preserving the chair, I'll put a package of nitro-glycerine under my mother-in-law.

"CHINESE barbers shave without lather." This reminds us that our old schoolmaster used to lather without shaving. One is said to be as painful an operation as the other.—Norristown Herald.

"BLUSHING HONORS THICK UPON"

PUCK ON WHEELS.

This edition of PUCK ON WHEELS starts out with a slander of the Post upon the title page. There is an insinuation that the Post has the aesthetic craze. Or, perhaps this is intended for a joke. If so, all right; ha-ha-ha! Then it goes on with lots of other jokes. V. Hugo Dusenbury, Fitznoodle, and many other popular contributors to PUCK put in their little piece to add to the entertainingness of the book, and there are any quantity of stories, poems, sketches, bright sayings, etc., from well-known writers. The illustrations are numerous and well-drawn, and altogether PUCK ON WHEELS ought to be in every man's pocket, and if it isn't, the man without it "gets left." All of which will, we have no doubt, induce every reader of the Post to buy a copy.—Boston Post.

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. 2, for the Summer of 1881, is out, and there is no longer any need for patent medicines of any kind, for there is no disease under the sun but that a copy of this brilliant summer-book, if well taken, will speedily cure. And it does not require to be well shaken before taken either, for that occurs to the patient, who shakes with laughter at every dose. The doses are not large either, but are exquisitely adapted to every case. It only costs 25 cents to possess this great cure-all. Try it and you'll never be without a copy. None genuine, without the name of Keppler & Schwarzmann blown upon the wrapper.—Yonkers Gazette.

We have before us PUCK ON WHEELS for 1881, and it is so irresistibly funny that we are obliged every little while to slip it into our drawer among the office jewels and hold the drawer firmly closed, to allow our sore sides a rest. It is brim full of good things, and the wit in it is so perfectly pure that it is absolutely a pleasure to read it. It is also of the highest order, not containing a lot of low, coarse jests, calculated to please the vulgar mob, but of the style that is certain to please the better class of thinking readers. PUCK is a grand success, a fact that its proprietors are to be congratulated on. We commend it to all our readers.—Evansville Argus.

PUCK has come out again on that remarkable bicycle on which he is riding straight into the good graces of the community. The current issue of PUCK ON WHEELS, coming as it does along with the new comet and the 4th of July, makes up a pretty good show for a quarter.—New England Hotel Gazette.

That summer resort, PUCK ON WHEELS, was so well patronized last year, that PUCK ON WHEELS, No. 2, has just been opened for the season. The bill of fare is of a cakinatory kind. All the dishes have an abundance of sauce, and the establishment is kept on an exhilarating plan.—N. Y. Mail.

PUCK ON WHEELS runs ahead of all competitors, just as the PUCK in his summer style of clothes puts a head on everybody he runs up against. Buy PUCK ON WHEELS for 25 cents if you want the cheapest and best fattener in the country.—Steubenville Herald.

Just the thing for warm weather reading is PUCK ON WHEELS, No. 2, which has been issued by the publishers of PUCK, the popular comic weekly. It has some capital pictures, and some of the reading matter is very fine.—Waterbury American.

Everybody does or should know the excellence of PUCK as a weekly, and all, whether on train, or on boat, should have PUCK ON WHEELS. We'll guarantee they will get their quarter's worth wherever quartered.—Philadelphia Kronicle-Herald.

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. 2, is out. It is a medley of side-splitting nonsense, illustrated in the highest style of the caricaturist's art.—Chicago Evening Journal.

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. 2, is out for midsummer readers, and is a fine book for half hours' reading.—Turner's Falls Reporter.

Copies of PUCK ON WHEELS (No. 1), for 1880, may still be had by prompt application to the International News Company, 31 Beekman Street, N. Y., or to PUCK Office, 21 and 23 Warren Street, N. Y.

There are more cures made with Hop Bitters than all other medicines.

FINE SILK HATS, \$3.20; worth \$5.00; DERBIES, \$1.90; worth \$3.00. 15 New Church Street, up Stairs.

BABY'S APPEAL.

"What makes I cry and folks says Ize naughty?" Cause stomach ache, and sour in my mouffy; Cause, too, can't sleep, and worms bites ze belly; "Fever," za say, feel like I was jelly. Guess your babies cry, Dick and Victoria, When mama's gone, and don't have CASTORIA. "You're right, they fairly yell." There, Uncle Cy; Cousin Frank have CASTORIA, he don't cry.

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE,
ORIGINAL IMPORTED.
SAFEST DRINK IN HOT WEATHER, NON INTOXICATING.

WHEN you want
Ginger, don't
ask for Jama-
ica Ginger or Ginger
but ask for the

GENUINE PHILADELPHIA GINGER

MADE BY

Frederick Brown.
It is the ONLY re-
liable and Genuine
and will give relief
IN
**Cramps, Colic,
Stomach-Ache**

AND ALL

Stomach Disorders.
REMEMBER!
Always ASK FOR
**Frederick Brown's
GINGER,**
THE GENUINE—PHILAD'A.

**STRAITON & STORM'S
LATEST**

Royal Owl Segars

The finest they have ever produced.

AND

Royal Owl Cigarettes,
ALL HAVANA TOBACCO,

FREE FROM ALL ADULTERATIONS, AND GUARAN-
TEED AS FINE AS CAN BE MADE FROM TOBACCO.Smokers will find the OWL HAVANA CIGARETTES Pure Rice
Paper Wrappers, the best of the kind offered for sale.

DENTAL OFFICE OF
Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess.
162 W. 23d St., bet. 6th & 7th Aves., N. Y.

THE TRUE TALE OF WILLIAM TELL.

William Tell ran a hay ranch near Bergelen about 580 years ago. Tell had lived in the mountains all his life and shot chamois and chipmunks with a cross-gun till he was a bad man to stir up.

At that time Switzerland was run principally by a lot of carpet baggers from Austria, and Tell got down on them about the year 1307. It seems that Tell wanted the government contract to furnish hay at \$45 a ton for the year 1306, and Gessler, who was controlling the patronage of Switzerland, let the contract to an Austrian who had a big lot of condemned hay farther up the gulch.

One day Gessler put his plug hat up on a telegraph pole, and issued order 236, regular series, to the effect that every snoozer who passed down the toll road should bow to it.

Gessler happened to be in behind the bush when Tell went by, and he noticed that Bill said "Shoot the hat" and didn't salute it, so he told his men to gather Mr. Tell in and put him in the refrigerator.

Gessler told him that if he would shoot a crab apple from the head of his only son, at 200 yards with a cross-gun, he would give him his liberty.

Tell consented, and knocked the apple higher than Gilroy's kite. Old Gessler, however, noticed another arrow sticking in William's girdle, and he asked what kind of a flowery break that was.

Tell told him that if he had killed the kid instead of busting the apple, he intended to drill a hole through the stomach of Mr. Gessler. This made Gessler mad again, and he took Tell on a picnic up the river in irons.

Tell jumped off when he got a good chance, and cut across a bend in the river, and when the picnic party came down he shot Gessler deader than a mackerel.—Bill Nye, in *Laramie City Boomerang*.

New Hampshire Returns.

A New Hampshire lady writes: Mother has been afflicted for years with kidney diseases. Last Spring she was very bad, and had an alarming pain and numbness in one side. Kidney-Wort proved a great blessing and has completely cured her.—*Gazette*.

Hub Punch.

No other component of liquors and fruit juices have met with such a large sale.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

To insure prompt attention, Advertisers will please hand in their copy for new announcements or alterations at least one week ahead of the issue in which they are to appear.

PUBLISHERS "PUCK."

LYONS' UMBRELLAS
ARE STAMPED "LYON, MAKER," AND ARE ONLY FOR SALE BY
FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

BEATTY'S ORGANS :8 useful stops, 5 sets reeds
only \$65. Pianos, \$125 up.
Ilns. Catalogue, FREE. Address, BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

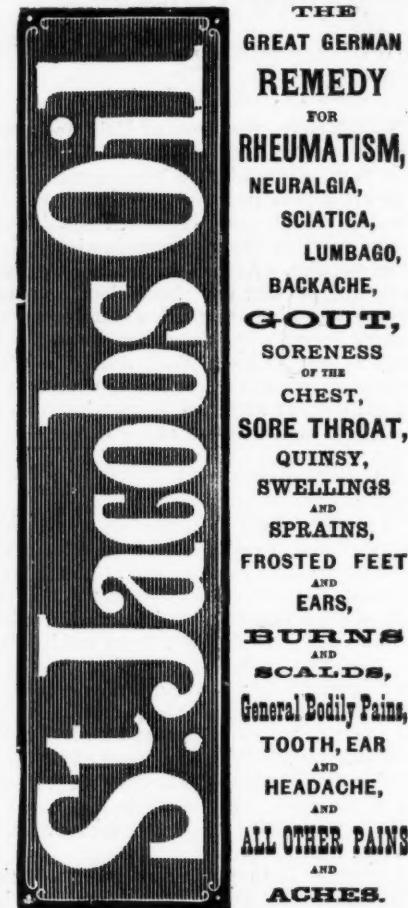
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Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure*
Cocoa, from which the excess
of oil has been removed. It is a
delicious drink, nourishing and
strengthening; easily digested;
admirably adapted for invalids
as well as persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO.,
Dorchester, Mass.

Third Edition :
PUCK ON WHEELS
Price, 25 Cents.



No Preparation on earth equals St. JACOB'S OIL as a safe,
sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails
but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every
one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of
its claims. DIRECTIONS IN ELEVEN LANGUAGES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Sold only in soldered tins, half and pound, labelled

JAMES EPPS & CO.,
Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME

The latest improvement in Sewing Machines, combining extreme simplicity with great strength and durability.

Noted for fine workmanship and excellence of production.

Does not fatigue the operator.

Send for a set of our new CHROMO CARDS.

JOHNSON, CLARK & CO.,
30 Union Square, New York; or Orange, Mass.

Established 1838.

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Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in
Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Solid Silver & Plated Wares,
363 CANAL STREET,
Bet. S. 5th Ave. & Wooster St., New York.

Bargains in every department.
American Watches, \$7. Stem Winders, \$12.
Solid 14 k. Gold American Stem Winder, \$50.
Diamond Studs, \$10 and upwards. Wedding
Rings, \$10 and upwards. The arrangement of
jewels at low prices, the pairing of every de-
scription neatly executed. Goods sent C. O. D. to
any part of the U. S. New Illustrated Price List.

COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

The Bicycle has proved itself to be a permanent, practical road vehicle, and the number in daily use is rapidly increasing. Professional and business men, seekers after health or pleasure, all join in bearing witness to its merits.

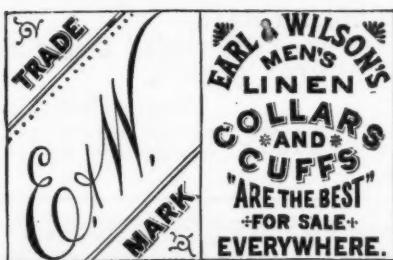
Send 3c. stamp for catalogue with price list.

THE POPE MFG CO.,

46 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

CANVASSERS Make from \$25 to \$50 per week selling
goods for E. G. RIDECUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, New
York. Send for Catalogue and terms.





MC CANN'S HATS

\$2.90 FOR A \$5.00 SILK HAT.
\$1.75 FOR A \$2.50 SOFT HAT.
\$2.40 FOR A \$3.50 DERBY HAT.

218 BOWERY.

**KEEP'S SHIRTS,
GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c.**
Samples and Circulars mailed free.
**KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
STORES:**
341 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
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**H. WALDSTEIN,
EXPERT OPTICIAN,
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EYES FITTED WITH SUITABLE GLASSES. Consultation, inquiry and correspondence solicited from those whose sight is impaired.
FIELD, MARINE, OPERA and TOURIST GLASSES of superior quality, and a choice assortment of OPTICAL Goods at moderate prices. Artificial Human Eyes. Send for Catalogue.

THE man who lives in a boarding-house is just now experiencing his greatest misery. Never were the flies so thick or so annoying as now. The landlady remarks placidly, as she sees the angry boarder spitefully brush a fly off his nose: "Lots of flies a-bothering you is a sign of good luck." "It looks to me," replied the a. b., "as if it signified that currant-cake will be fashionable." —*Rochester Express.*

There was a terrible fire on Market street the other day, and when little Jim Scuffels heard that it was a pawn-shop he rushed to the spot and worked like a beaver to carry out the goods and save the store. As he was rushing out with a final armful of pledges, a friend, who stood near, said:

"What's the matter with you, Jimmy? Why are you taking all his trouble?"

"Well, I guess," said Scuffels, as he sat down exhausted, and wiped the lather and cinders out of his eyes, "I guess, if everything you had in the world that was valuable was in danger of being burned up you'd work too." —*San Francisco Post.*

[Cleveland Leader.]

Mr. Orlando Weatherbee, says an exchange of ours, proprietor "The Spencer Pharmacy," Spencer, Mass., reports: My customers speak very highly of the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, it having always given excellent satisfaction. One of them, Mr. Henry Belcher, has been greatly benefited by its use in a case of severe rheumatism, and he refers to it in terms of highest praise.

NICOLL The Tailor,

620 Broadway, near Houston Street,

AND

139 to 151 Bowery, New York.

Pants to order..... \$4. to \$10.

Suits to order..... \$15. to \$40.

Spring Over Coats from \$15.00 up.

Samples with instructions for SELF-MEASUREMENT sent free to every part of the United States.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TATE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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The Tailor,

190 & 192 BOWERY, cor. SPRING ST.
NEW YORK CITY.

Be careful of imitators, and note the Number of our Establishment, as we have no connection whatever with any other House on the Bowery.

Fine Cassimere Pants, Made to Order.. \$4.00

Elegant Suits, Made to Order..... \$16.00

ARTISTIC CUTTING.

SAMPLES, FASHION PLATE, AND RULES FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

50 All Gold, Chromo and Lithographed Cards. (No 2 alike, Name On, 10c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

CAUTION. — An attempt has been made to put so-called "Electro-Magnetic" Brushes upon the market, but the Post-Office authorities at Washington have published the company as a fraud. We therefore caution the Public to be careful that "Dr. Scott's" name is on the box and "Electric" on the Brush. Ours is not wire, but a pure bristle Brush.

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH.

A MARVELLOUS SUCCESS!!

NOW RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.

Made of Pure Bristles, not Wires—elegantly Mounted and Carved Back.

Which has won its way to Royal favor in England, been cordially endorsed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and written upon by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, is now brought to the notice of the American public. It cures by natural means, will always do good, never harm, and is a remedy lasting for many years. It should be used daily in place of the ordinary Hair Brush. The Brush Handle is made of a new odorless composition resembling ebony; a combination of substances PRODUCING A PERMANENT ELECTRO - MAGNETIC CURRENT WHICH ACTS IMMEDIATELY UPON THE HAIR GLANDS AND FOLLICLES. This power can always be tested by a silver compass which accompanies each Brush.

IT IS WARRANTED TO

CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE IN 5 MINUTES!!
CURE BILIOUS HEADACHE IN 5 MINUTES!!
CURE NEURALGIA IN 5 MINUTES!!
PREVENT FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS!!
CURE DANDRUFF & DISEASES OF THE SCALP!
PROMPTLY ARRESTS PREMATURE GRAYNESS!
MAKES THE HAIR GROW LONG AND GLOSSY!!
IMMEDIATELY SOOTHES THE WEARY BRAIN!!
MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED!

It rarely fails to produce a rapid growth of hair on bald heads, where the glands and follicles are not totally destroyed.

Proprietors:
The Pall Mall Electric Association
of London,
NEW YORK BRANCH,
642 BROADWAY.

[From the
Mayor of Sa-
ratoga.]

I cheerfully testify to the merits of Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush. It cures my headaches without any medicine. I am so pleased with it I purchased another for my wife. It is an excellent Hair Brush, well worth the price, aside from its curative powers. — JAS. R. CHAPMAN.

[From Rev. Dr. Bridgeman.]

BROOKLYN.
"GENTLEMEN—I have never given before a testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of an honest remedy. I am so pleased with your Hair Brush that I deem it my duty to write you recommending it most cordially. My hair, about a year since, commenced falling out, and I was rapidly becoming bald; but continued the use of a tincture which I had made its appearance, quite equal to that which I had previous to its falling out. I have tried other remedies, but with no success. After this remarkable result I purchased one for my wife, who has been a great sufferer from headache, and she finds it a prompt and infallible remedy." — A. C. BRIDGEMAN, D. D.

If I could not replace it. Its effect is marvellous." Mr. Smith is a gentleman well known in this City as a Law Publisher, and also a Director in several Public Institutions of New York. PLINY P. SMITH, 318 Fulton St.

Dr. Geo. A. Scott—DEAR SIR: Permit me to add the testimony of my wife to that of the many others who have been benefited by the use of your Electric Brush. She has for years been a sufferer from Neuralgia in an acute form, but since I obtained for her one of your Brushes, she has experienced entire relief. Please accept her thanks. HENRY BARTLETT.

ASK FOR
DR. SCOTT'S
BRUSH.
TAKE NO OTHER
See that name is on the box.

Mention this Paper.

As soon as you receive the Brush, if not well satisfied with your bargain, write us, and we will return the money. What can be fairer? The Proprietors of this Publication know Dr. Scott to be respectable and trustworthy. Brush has been placed in the hands of Mayor of New York, and Presidents of America James, as a guarantee of good faith.

Remittances should be made payable to GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York. They can be made in Checks, Drafts, Post Office Orders, Currency, or Stamps.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

Send for a Circular of our Dr. Scott's Electric Flesh Brush.

A BEAUTIFUL BRUSH, LASTING FOR YEARS.

We will send it on trial, postpaid, on receipt of \$3.00, which will be returned if not as represented.

Inclose 10 cents extra and we guarantee safe delivery into your hands; or will send it by express, C. O. D., at your expense, with privilege of opening and examining. But expressage adds considerably to your cost. Or request your nearest Druggist or Fancy Store to obtain one for you, and be sure Dr. Scott's name is on the Box.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED.

As soon as you receive the Brush, if not well satisfied with your bargain, write us, and we will return the money. What can be fairer? The Proprietors of this Publication know Dr. Scott to be respectable and trustworthy.

Brush has been placed in the hands of Mayor of New York, and Presidents of America James, as a guarantee of good faith.

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AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

Send for a Circular of our Dr. Scott's Electric Flesh Brush.

No. 194 FIFTH AVENUE,
Under Fifth Ave. Hotel.
No. 212 BROADWAY,
Corner Fulton Street.
STYLES ARE CORRECT!!

Agents for the sale of these remarkable HATS can be found in every city in the U. S.



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BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

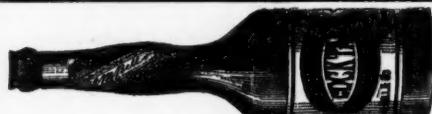
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51 Broadway, N. Y.

Anheuser-Busch Brewing-Assoc'n.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.

We are now receiving daily shipments of this Brewery's celebrated Beer which is finding so much favor at the Metropolitan Concert Hall, and in all places where it is sold. Dealers who wish to keep it will please apply to

A. C. L. & O. MEYER, Sole Agents,
49 Broad Street, NEW YORK.



JAMES M. BELL & CO.
31 Broadway, New York.

Price, Per Case, (One Dozen).....\$6.00

D. G. YUENGLING, JR.'S
EXTRA FINE
DOUBLE BEER
competes with the best of Imported Brands.
BREWERY,
NEWLY BUILT, WITH ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Cor. 128th St. and 10th Ave., N. Y.

New Model, Top Snap, CHAMPION



It has a Patent Top Snap Action, by means of which the gun can be opened by pressing the lever either to the right or left; an improvement found in no other gun. It has a Rebounding Lock, which ensures safety in loading the gun. The gun is made of a special metal, the Pistol Grip Stock, and the Patent Fore-End Fastening, by means of the Patent Fore-End Fastening, the barrels can be detached from the stock in an instant, and easily replaced. The shells used in this gun are the central fire, copper brass. The brass shells can be reloaded many times. Price, \$12.00. Barrels, 12 bore, \$15.00; Plain Barrels, 10 bore, \$16.00; Twist Barrels, 12 bore, \$15.00; Twist Barrels, 10 bore, \$18.00. Address JOHN P. LOVELL & SONS, Gun Dealers, Boston, Mass.

Send stamp for illustrated catalogue.

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BOOK OF INSTRUCTION
IN THE USE OF
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KNOX, THE HATTER'S WORLD RENOWNED HATS

ENGLISH HATS,
"Martin's" Umbrellas.
"DENTS" GLOVES.
Foreign Novelties.
QUALITY—THE BEST!!

can be found in every city in the U. S.

AFTER PUCK.

Now the Englishman doth rail,
With his mug of h'aged h'ale,
As he cheweth on his little roast of beef, beef,
beef:

"I'm a blasted Englishman,
But that 'ere H'American
Is no better than a swindler and a thief, thief,
thief." —Andrews's American Queen.

THE law against concealed deadly weapons is not strictly enforced in this city. Unripe watermelons are in the market.—Phil. Kronikle Herald.

A GREAT many newspapers and physicians are terribly distressed about the increase of cigarette making by what PUCK calls "the un-salted generation," which is a very neat way of saying "fresh." But about this cigarette business—just go to sleep, brethren, and don't worry because cigarette smoking has a tendency to destroy life. Just remember that the boy who smokes cigarettes will generally be improved by killing, and let him thus work out his improvement.—Burlington Hawkeye.

[Glen's Falls, (N. Y.) Times.]

A CARD.

GLEN'S FALLS, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1880.

REV. MR. L. N. ST. ONGE.
Dear Sir.—Will you please state below what satisfaction St. Jacobs Oil gives you, which you got of us some time ago, and oblige

LEGGETT & BUSH.

Very effective.

L. N. ST. ONGE.

Do not go to the country without a bottle of **Angostura Bitters** to flavor your Soda and Lemonade and keep your digestive organs in order. Be sure it is the genuine Angostura, a world-renowned and manufactured only by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

SMOKE!
LA ROSA—ALL TOBACCO.

CANDY Send one, two, three, or five dollars for a sample box, by express, of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly and strictly pure. Refers to all Chicago. Address, C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison Street, Chicago.

A. S. Flandrau & Co.



Fine Carriages.

The Largest Stock in the City.

The Lowest Prices for Cash.

ROCKAWAYS, LANDAUS, BROUGHAM, VICTORIAS, PHATONS, ROAD WAGONS.

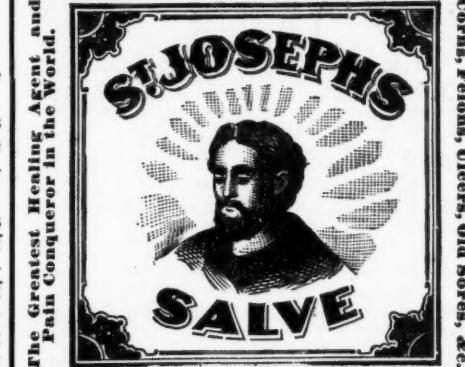
372 & 374 Broome Street.

Third Edition:

PUCK ON WHEELS

Price, 25 Cents.

Our new Stylographic Pen (just patented), having the duplex interchangeable point section, is the very latest improvement. THE STYLOGRAPHIC PEN CO., Room 6, 105 Broadway, New York. Send for circular.



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THE latest advices from the Sandwich Islands report that the lava thrown from Mauna Loa is likely to destroy a portion of the town and harbor of Hilo. This is bad for Hilo, but it is hoped "Jack and the game" may be saved. — *Norristown Herald*.

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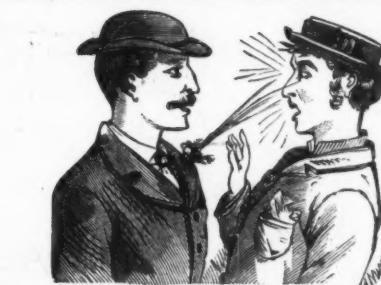
Trains leave Manhattan Beach at 7:35, 10, 11:05 A. M., 12:05, 12:30, 1:05 P. M., and 15 and 30 minutes past each hour till 8:30 P. M., 9:05, 9:30 and 10:35 P. M.

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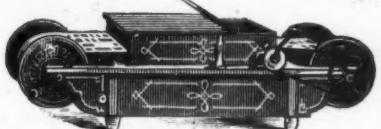
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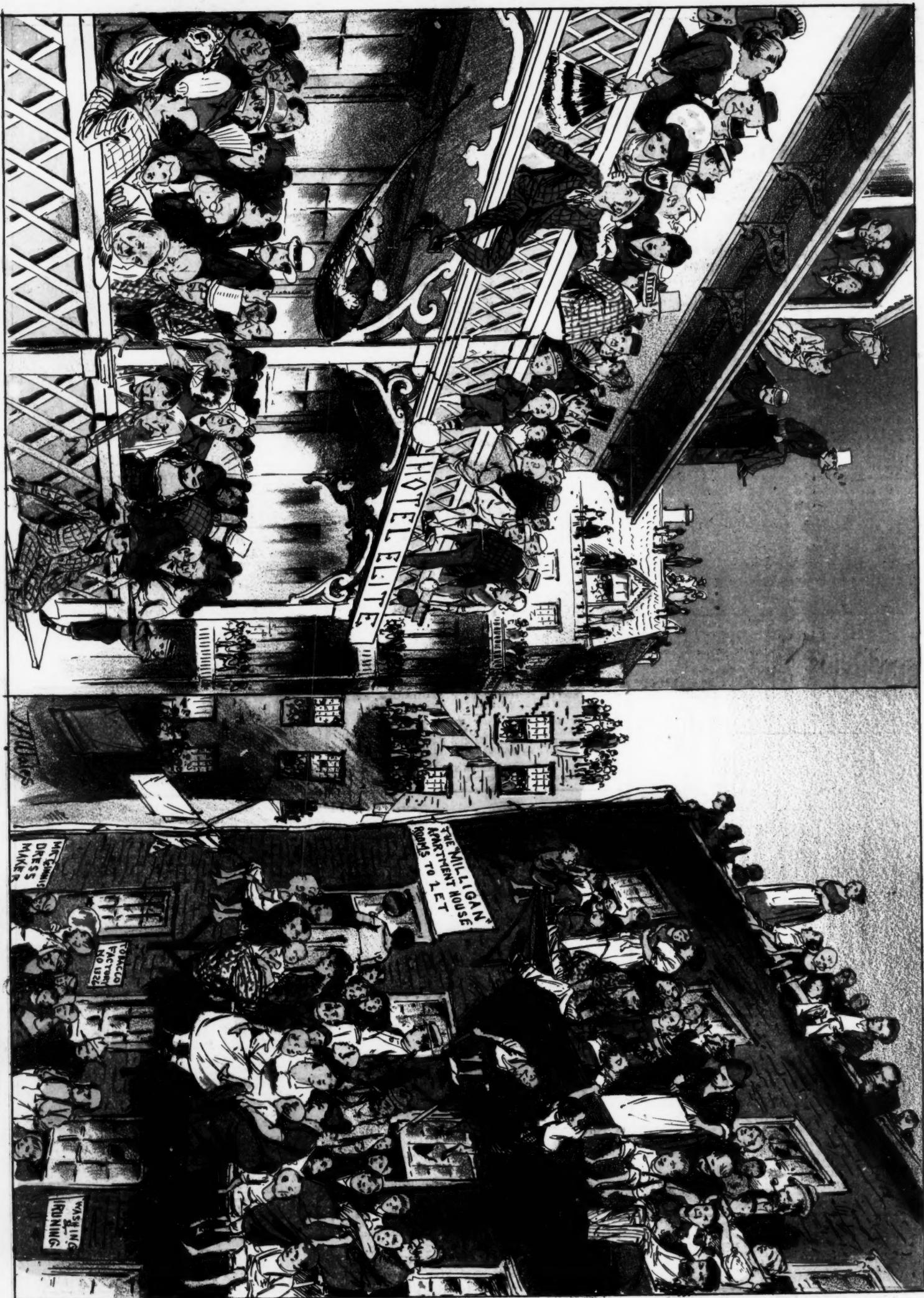
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